

This Time, I Will Get My Divorce, Mr

Chapter 295

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Upon seeing the ridiculous comments that popped up in support of Tina's false sob story as well as the wretched girl's triumphant smirk, Sonia clenched her fist and slammed it on the desk in blatant fury. The loud bang that followed echoed around the room, sending ripples across the stifling silence.

Toby instantly reached for her wrist and lifted her hand for inspection.

"What are you doing?" Sonia pulled away and shot him a wary look.

When he saw how defensive she was of him, he was a little hurt. As he lowered his gaze, he answered quietly, "I only wanted to see whether you bruised your hand or something."

She turned away from him and muttered, "Please, it's not as if I was jackhammering the desk. There's no bruise at all."

He hummed in response. "Glad you're okay and all, but the next time you're angry, try not to beat up sturdy inanimate objects. You'll only end up hurting yourself."

"I know. There's no need to nag," she grumbled after briefly pursing her lips.

Toby drew his hand back and he was about to say something when the office door swung open from the outside.

The next second, Asher stormed into the room like an angry bull as he thundered, "What is this news about you delisting, Sonia?"

He was staring daggers at Sonia while completely ignoring Toby, who stood mutely next to her as he watched the exchange.

Sonia, on the other hand, switched off Tina's blood-boiling livestream. Since Tina had already told—or more accurately, lied to—the viewers about how and why Sonia had caused her such misfortune, there was no need to watch the rest of the livestream anymore. It wasn't like the content would favor Sonia anyway.

Sonia released her mouse and coldly looked up at Asher. "That's right. I'm sure Miss Daphne has already given you all the details."

Asher was furious as he struck the desk. "How dare you pull something off like this without any permission!"

"Oh, I dare to do so and I have done it!" She rose from her seat and glowered at the man while being unaffected by his tantrum. "Because lest you forget, I am the biggest shareholder in Paradigm Co.!"

As things escalated, Toby stood quietly next to Sonia and admiration flashed in his dark orbs when he saw how witty and sharp she could be.

"You—" Asher choked on his words, his rage suddenly turning into a lump in his throat. After what seemed like a long pause, he regained his composure and snapped, "Yes, you may be the biggest shareholder in Paradigm Co., but don't forget that I'm the one in charge around here. You are nothing but the vice president!"

"So what?" Sonia crossed her arms, looking high and mighty as she countered, "You know, President Dafoe, you should be grateful that you're a senior in Paradigm Co., which is why half the company is in favor of you. Otherwise, I'd have taken back whatever authority you have right now by calling a shareholders' meeting. I am, after all, the biggest shareholder and it's well within my rights to do so. In other words, I can easily become the company's president."

Logically speaking, her position as the biggest shareholder afforded her a voice in the company, but she could not rally support among the other directors and she dared not speak out against Asher either. She feared that he might storm out of Paradigm Co. and take all his supporters with him, which would be more than enough to crumble the company.

That was because the company could not get any new blood to replace his supporters. After having considered this, she would much rather swallow her pride as the biggest shareholder and take on the role of vice president instead.

It went without saying that Asher knew of her concerns, which was why he had little to no regard for her even when she was the company's major shareholder.

"Oh? You're going to hold a shareholders' meeting, are you? And you'll just take away my authority with such ease, is that right?" He guffawed like he had just heard the world's biggest joke. "Sonia, are you sure that's the wise thing to do? If I walk, who is to say that half of the company won't walk with me? You know as well as I do that those in favor of me are the backbone of Paradigm Co., and the rest of you are done for the moment they leave! Go ahead and call the meeting if you dare to do so!"

Sonia dug her nails into her palms and she was about to retort when a man's cold voice asked intimidatingly, "Why wouldn't she?"

She immediately turned and gaped at Toby in surprise.

Asher was also displeased as he turned to snap, "This is between me and Vice President Reed. Why don't you keep quiet as an assistant and—President Fuller?" His voice raised by an octave when he finally registered Toby's presence and disbelief colored his face as he stared at Toby.

Although Asher had seen a figure next to Sonia when he barged in earlier, he was in such a rush to confront her that he didn't pay any attention to the said companion and merely thought of the man as some lowly assistant.

However, he certainly didn't expect the assistant to actually be Toby—otherwise known as the president of Fuller Group!

A stunned Asher blinked at Toby and stammered, "P-President Fuller, what brings you here?" Then, he gestured lamely between Toby and Sonia as he added, "A-Are you and Sonia—"

"I'm here because I have a couple of things to discuss with Sonia. Have you forgotten that we are collaborating on the project for

alternative energy technology?” Toby demanded, his eyes flashing insidiously.

He couldn't very well say that he was here because he was worried about Sonia, who would undoubtedly be unhappy with him if he did so.

Meanwhile, she raised a brow and although she was surprised that he lied, she did not expose him. He can do whatever he wants.

“I see,” Asher said, clearly convinced.

After all, there was no reason why he would be here other than for business. Everyone in the business world knew that he did not love her, which was why he had divorced her in the first place.

Of course he wouldn't come here just to see her on purpose, Asher berated himself. “President Fuller, did you hear what Sonia and I were talking—”

“I heard everything!” Toby lowered his gaze like he was eyeing an annoying pest and continued coldly, “If you want to walk out of Paradigm Co. and take half the company with you, then why don't you do so immediately?”

“What?” Asher blanched when he heard this, his eyes wide with disbelief. “President Fuller, it's not very proper of you to interfere with our company affairs, is it?” I won't actually leave Paradigm Co.—I was only trying to scare Sonia! I didn't think Toby would take it seriously.

Toby eyed the other man steadily like a top predator. “I can put my foot in if I want. After all, it was only after they had collaborated with Fuller Group that half of your enterprises were revived. Besides, Vice President Reed happens to be working with me on the alternative energy project, and as the largest business partner, surely I have the privilege to partake in your company's internal conflicts, yes?”

Asher opened and closed his mouth like a fish. “I—you're not wrong, but—”

“Then, we've come to a consensus, haven't we?” Toby interrupted the stammering man once more. “It was Vice President Reed who

made all these agreements with me, so I will naturally be on her side, seeing as your departure—along with your subordinates’—will invariably affect the partnership between our companies.”

As he said this, he glanced over at Sonia with a solemn expression. “And don’t worry, Vice President Reed; I’ll send over a professional team to help you fill those vacancies left behind by President Dafoe’s subordinates, should he walk out on the company. Paradigm Co. will be fine at the end of the day.”

“What?” Asher was so shocked by Toby’s promise that his mind turned blank.

Sonia was equally astonished as she stared at Toby. “Are you serious about this?”

Toby gave her a firm nod. “Of course I am and I will keep my word. As for President Dafoe...” He paused pensively and turned his attention back to the stumped man. “If you’re going to have all those talented subordinates of yours support you, then it would be a waste for you to join another enterprise. I suggest you start your own company and with such a strong team under you, I’m sure the new business will flourish in no time. I’ll spread the word around the business circle so that no one collaborates with you, which would then ruin your pathway to entrepreneurship. What do you say, President Dafoe?”

As she was unable to contain her laughter anymore, she barely had time to clasp her hand over her mouth before she sputtered aloud. She was so amused by Toby’s words that she had to turn away, her shoulders trembling as she tried to suppress her laugh.

Asher, on the other hand, was quaking with rage, but he did not dare to bellow at Toby. All he could do was clench his fists and try to keep the smoke from coming out of his ears. What do I say? I say this is a load of bullcrap! He’s just telling other companies not to take us on, which is just as good as banishing us from the industry altogether! Start a company? At my age and with the small fortune I have, I’d end up looking like a downright fool! He’s humiliating me and he wants me to suffer!

He was fuming, but he forced out a tight smile as he responded, "You're comical, President Fuller. Entrepreneurship is hardly on my agenda at such an old age."

"Is that so? Does that mean you never had the intention to leave Paradigm Co. with your capable subordinates?" Toby cast Asher an imperious sideways glance.

Asher coughed twice, clearly upset by how things had turned out. "Well, of course. I was only joking with Vice President Reed since I won't actually do something as drastic as that."

Indeed, he wondered whether he could ever summon enough courage to carry out his threat after this.

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Asher was caught between a rock and a hard place; if he were to walk out on Paradigm Co., he would immediately be replaced and with Toby blacklisting him in the industry, he wouldn't be able to join any other enterprise. He would have nowhere to turn to and his whole career would be done for.

More to the point, he never intended to leave in the first place.

At this moment, Toby kept his eyes on Sonia as he asked, "So, what do you think?"

As much as she disliked the idea of keeping Asher around, she was more apprehensive toward the idea of having Toby's people working in the company. With that in mind, she nodded and answered flippantly, "Well, President Dafoe did say that he was only joking, so I'll take his word for it and brush this incident off."

"Alright, then." Toby was slightly dejected by this and pressed his lips into a grim line.

He had hoped that she would agree to his suggestion and allow Asher as well as his subordinates to leave Paradigm Co. That way,

he could send his team over as promised and use that as an excuse to see her as often as he would like.

Meanwhile, Asher let out a huge sigh of relief after hearing what she had said. Thank heavens she has the good sense to say all the right things; otherwise, I'd be doomed!

Sonia eyed him impassively. "Are you still planning to oppose my decision to delist, President Dafoe?"

He snapped out of his thoughts. He didn't want to concede, but when his gaze flickered over to Toby, he swallowed his retort and was immediately agreeable. "Of course not, Sonia. You can do whatever you want."

"In that case, I'm going to put the word out. Now, is there anything else you'd like to discuss, President Dafoe?" She had as good as told him to get out of her office.

The corners of Asher's lips twitched slightly. "Not at all. Carry on with your work, Sonia. I shan't bother you anymore and take my leave now."

The moment he spun around, the smile on his face was replaced by a menacing grimace.

He had walked into her office with the thought that he could wheedle Sonia into giving up her share of authority by threatening to leave the company if she didn't.

What he hadn't expected was for Toby to put his foot in and ruin his plans. As things were, Toby would rise to Sonia's defense for as long as their collaboration was an ongoing concern. It will only make it harder for me to deal with that wench, Asher thought, gritting his teeth. I have to find a way to ruin their collaboration!

After Asher left in defeat, peace and serenity returned to the office once more. Sonia tucked her hair behind her ear as she thanked Toby for speaking up for her.

Toby gave her a bemused look. "You've already thanked me half a dozen times today."

She took her seat and said, "I know, but it's only polite for me to do so."

In truth, she was sure that she could have handled Asher on her own even if he hadn't interfered. Prior to this, she had already made up her mind to go head-to-head with Asher, should he oppose the delisting. If he threatened to leave the company, well, she would not stop him at all.

The worst that could happen was that she would have to downsize Paradigm Co. and turn it into a small or medium enterprise. As long as the company remained, there was still a chance that it could flourish and eventually regain its former glory as a conglomerate.

Toby rounded her desk and took the seat across from her. "You don't actually have to thank me out of courtesy. I know things have been tense between you and Asher; you could have taken the chance to throw him out of Paradigm Co. if you wanted to."

Sonia's gaze darkened. "I know that, but I didn't think there was a need for such desperate measures."

"Is that what you truly think? Or, do you just hate the idea of having my people under your nose?" He stared at her intently as he asked.

She opened her mouth as though she wanted to say something, but ultimately did not and turned her head away in defense instead.

Upon seeing this, Toby knew instantly that he had been right. She didn't want his people under her nose and although he grew frustrated at this, he merely sighed and allowed the matter to slide.

At this point, Sonia picked up the phone on her desk and called Daphne's line. "Get all the documents ready for the delisting and send them over to the government department in charge."

"I thought President Dafoe was against the delisting, though," Daphne pointed out.

Sonia massaged her temple in exhaustion. "He changed his mind."

“Really?”

Sonia nodded. “Really!”

Daphne broke into a wide grin at the turn of events. “That’s wonderful. I’ll start to prepare the documents immediately.”

“Alright.” With a final hum of agreement, Sonia put the receiver down and ended the call.

Toby, on the other hand, took his phone out as he said mildly, “I’ll call up the government department and have them process the application for delisting as soon as your secretary arrives.”

Sonia managed a small smile; she was a little surprised by how much help he had given today. “Fine.”

He rose from his seat and walked out to the balcony to make the call, only to return a few minutes later with a sullen look on his face.

At the sight of this, she felt her skin prickle with a bad premonition. “What is it? Did the department say no?”

“No, nothing like that.” He kept his phone away and explained, “It’s just that there is a whole crowd of reporters waiting by the company’s entrance. I’d say there are about forty or fifty of them.”

Toby had only brought with him a mid-sized team of bodyguards and while the dozen of them were all tough and capable in their own right, they couldn’t possibly hold back a crowd of reporters. As such, before he returned to the office, he rang the security company and had them dispatch another two mid-sized teams to the scene, but they wouldn’t arrive until at least ten minutes later.

Upon hearing that the reporters were here, Sonia felt the beginnings of a migraine. “I bet this has something to do with Tina’s livestream. When she uploaded the post on social media earlier, about twenty or thirty reporters alongside crazed netizens showed up to demand statements and comments from me. I had Daphne call the police to bring those netizens away, but the

reporters have the freedom of press, so we couldn't do anything about them."

As long as the press was not gathered in a strictly off-limits area, the police could not exercise jurisdiction against them, which was a sore point for many.

Toby lifted his chin and muttered thoughtfully, "That explains it."

Tom had told him earlier that there were a couple of netizens who brought wreaths and razor blades for Sonia as some passive-aggressive form of threat. However, when Toby had arrived, he didn't see those netizens at all. As it turned out, the police had taken them away.

"What do you mean?" Sonia asked, clueless as to what Toby was referring to.

He flashed her a smile and dismissed, "Nothing."

She shrugged and did not press him any further, seeing that he had no intention of telling her anyway.

Tina's livestream had ended a while ago and the whole internet was raving about it more than they did the last one, which had died down at some point. Now, the buzz around Sonia easily surpassed those of controversial celebrities.

Some fans of those celebrities even made it a point to thank Sonia in the comments section of her social media platform, claiming that her evil deeds had made their idols' crimes pale by comparison. That being said, most of the comments on her page were brutal and vicious.

She knew that Tina had only pulled such a dirty trick to destroy her and have her burned at the stake. She thinks she can pin all these accusations on me because I don't have the means or evidence to clear my name, but whether she'll get away with it depends on Tim and his willingness to come up with an explanation.

As she snapped out of her thoughts, Sonia glanced at the time displayed on her computer screen and saw that it was nearly 12:30PM.

Tim wouldn't come out in broad daylight to clarify things or confess his role in all this. She would have to wait until night time before she could even see a glimmer of hope.

Suddenly, the piercing sound of her ringtone pulled her out of her reverie. She glanced down at the phone screen and a shadow passed over her face.

Toby noticed this and narrowed his eyes as he asked, "Who is it?"

"An officer from the police station," Sonia answered, pursing her lips. "I'm afraid one of Tina's fans really lodged a police report like he said he would."

As she said that, she swiped her phone screen to answer the call. The person on the other line greeted her almost indifferently, "Good day, Miss Reed. This is the Seafield Police Station. We've received a complaint from someone on the Internet claiming that you have aided and abetted in the assault against another person. We need you to come to the station right now to assist us in the investigation."

With the phone still pressed to her ear, Sonia gave Toby a look that said, See, I told you so. Then, as she focused on the officer on the phone, her face was impassive while she answered curtly, "I see. I'll be there shortly."

She hung up the call and rose from her seat.

Toby stood up as well. "Are you going to the police station?"

Sonia picked up her purse and pulled the strap over her shoulder. "Yes, to help with the investigation. I suppose it's a good thing; my name can be cleared when they find that I had nothing to do with any of this."

As he smoothed his sleeves, Toby offered, "I'll go with you."

She wanted to say no, but when she saw the stubborn look in his eyes, she had a feeling that he would tag along anyway. She heaved a sigh of resignation and made her way to the door. "As you wish."

A small smirk played on his lips when he heard this and he fell in step next to her.

The security teams that Toby had requested earlier were already in the elevator when he and Sonia entered. When the elevator came to a stop, he instructed the bodyguards to head out to the parking lot and hold the bustling crowd of reporters back.

It was only when the captain of the security teams assured the coast was clear that Sonia and Toby exited the elevator, but as soon as they were out, they were spotted by the reporters, who were currently being held back by the bodyguards.

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The buzz was reignited almost instantly as the reporters lifted their microphones and cameras, Then, they jostled forward with the hopes of breaking through the guards' barricade.

However, although there were more reporters than bodyguards at the main entrance, the ratio was significantly reversed on this side of the compound.

Therefore, the thirty guards on site could easily hold back the twenty-odd reporters here, who could not break through the barricade even as they struggled and pushed forward.

Now that they were growing frustrated at the bodyguards, the reporters realized they were left with no choice but to shout at Sonia from a distance, "Miss Reed, is it true that you arranged for Miss Gray to be assaulted?"

"Do you have anything you'd like to say to that, Miss Reed?"

The overlapping questions caused Sonia to frown. After deciding to ignore them, she continued to walk without bothering to acknowledge the reporters.

Since they were displeased and spurred on by her lack of response, the reporters threw several more questions her way.

“Miss Reed, is your silence an admission? Did you actually orchestrate the whole incident?”

“Did you really arrange for six men to carry out the dirty work? Don’t you think that’s despicable on your part?”

This made Sonia stop in her tracks. There was an icy edge to her voice as she asked aloud, “Despicable?!”

The man walking alongside her came to a stop as well and the both of them turned to glare at the reporter, who had asked the unfortunate question.

Sonia’s face was impassive as she regarded the reporter with a hard look. “Did you just call me despicable?”

The reporter felt a chill run down his spine when he met her pitch-black gaze. “A-Am I wrong?”

He had no idea that a woman could be so intimidating and while the man next to her was wearing dark shades that obscured half his face, the reporter could tell that he was staring daggers in his direction as well, making him feel like someone was choking the air out of him.

More importantly, the reporter found that the man looked somewhat familiar. Where have I seen him?

Presently, Sonia let out an insidious scoff as she drawled witheringly, “Looks like all of you are convinced that Tina was speaking the truth. So, you all think I’m despicable because you believe I’ve done this to her, but it only proves that you’re dumber than I thought. Don’t adults usually have better sense than this? If I have to spell it out for you, then the only despicable one in this whole incident is Tina herself!”

Upon hearing this, the reporters fell into a stunned silence, but that only lasted for a second before they burst into an uproar.

“Miss Reed, are you saying that Miss Gray has been lying to us and that you’ve never done anything to her in the first place?”

“Do you have any proof, Miss Reed?”

The only reason why they were convinced by Tina’s side of the story was because she had called Sonia out on a livestream in front of millions of people. After all, if Tina was found to be lying, the backlash would be of Armageddon proportions. She wouldn’t risk her own reputation like that without incontrovertible proof of Sonia’s crimes.

Yet, the reporters’ conviction wavered after they heard what Sonia had said.

A few of the reporters had turned on their live streams when they saw her exiting the building earlier, which had amassed hundreds of thousands of viewers.

The viewers leapt into fervent discussion as soon as they heard Sonia’s statement.

‘Sonia’s right. We’re all adults here, and we need to hear both sides of the story before we deem anyone guilty. Tina might have pinned Sonia as the mastermind, but don’t you all realize how she has never once shown us concrete proof? She was only broadcasting the news online, so there’s still plenty of room for doubt in her story.’

‘Yeah, and more importantly, why didn’t Tina lodge a police report and have Sonia arrested at first instance? She’s the victim after all, so she was well within her rights to do so instead of sharing the details of Sonia’s crime on the Internet. She was probably just pulling a publicity stunt.’

While some took on a level-headed approach to this incident, others maintained the belief that Tina had been speaking the truth.

‘Tina only resorted to publicizing Sonia’s crimes online because she wanted to tell us the truth behind the incident. She wanted us to know just how vicious Sonia is. If it meant the whole world seeing Sonia’s true colors, I would do the same thing should I be in Tina’s position.’

'I agree with the above person. For those asking why Tina didn't lodge a police report immediately, let's not forget that Sonia didn't, either. If Sonia really was innocent in all this, then she'd be well within her rights to make a report as well, but she didn't. That alone should be enough proof of her character.'

As more viewers voiced out their take on the matter, the opinions only grew more divisive.

Meanwhile, Tina was watching the same livestream from her hospital room. Her eyes were trained on the bullet screen and when she saw how some of the netizens were taking a neutral stance, which invariably was not in her favor, she was so outraged that she nearly threw her tablet out the door.

However, when she saw that there were netizens who came to her defense, she calmed down with relief.

Sonia was oblivious that her stand-off with the reporters back at the parking lot was being live-streamed. She swept her arctic gaze across the crowd and said curtly, "It's true that I do not have any evidence now to clear my name, but that might change tonight."

A hush descended upon the compound the moment she said those words, but the reporters and the livestream audience burst into yet another uproar after a few seconds.

Without waiting for the rest of his peers, one of the reporters urged immediately, "Miss Reed, are you saying that you are collecting evidence now and you will have everything you need by tonight to prove your innocence?"

The reporter's gesture did not sit well with his peers, who all looked at him resentfully. He could be a little more courteous instead of firing his question right off the bat.

"Yes!" Sonia nodded before she turned to look straight into one of the cameras as she announced solemnly, "At midnight, I will present all the evidence I have and all of you can decide whether I've grossly wronged Tina. If I'm proven to be innocent, then I'll definitely have her thrown into prison!"

Tim should be done with his surgery by tonight. If he doesn't give up any evidence, then I'll just have to expose him. I have the audio

recordings of our past few phone conversations, including the most recent one where he told me about how he was going to take his revenge on Tina.

No matter how Sonia looked at it, her plan to expose Tina's lies was practically foolproof!

In the hospital room, Tina felt her heart skipping a beat when she heard Sonia's bold declaration. Anxiety filled Tina's thoughts as her hands tightened their grip on the tablet.

She said she's been collecting evidence and that she'll be done by midnight. Is that truly possible? At the thought of this, her heart raced at such speed that it could leap out of her throat at any minute, which caused all of the color to drain from her face.

She wasn't sure if Sonia was telling the truth, but she didn't want to take the risk. If it turned out to be true, then she would be done for.

After all, Tina had only dragged Sonia under the bus because she was so sure that Sonia couldn't ever clear her name. But now...

Tina bit hard on her bottom lip as a twinge of regret rose within her.

While this was happening, the reporters in the parking lot were still angling to obtain more answers out of Sonia.

However, as Sonia felt that she had already said all she needed to, she decided to leave the rest for tonight. Not wanting to waste any more time on the insatiable crowd of reporters, she turned to Toby and said, "We should go."

Toby was pleased that she had referred to the both of them with a collective 'we'. A look of gentle compassion flashed in his eyes behind his dark shades.

"Okay," he agreed as he adjusted his shades. He had been using them the moment he stepped into the elevator and it was more of a deliberate disguise than anything else; he didn't want the reporters to recognize him and blow things out of proportion for her.

Indeed, his presence right now would only worsen the dramatics, given how everyone knew about his past marriage with Sonia and his previous engagement to Tina. Now that the two women were going head-to-head against each other, the reporters would only have a field day once they captured his meeting with Sonia shortly after he had canceled his engagement to Tina. That would be adding salt to Sonia's injury.

As such, Toby wore the large pair of shades to obscure nearly half his face, thereby keeping his identity a secret from these wolf-like reporters.

Before long, they came to a stop in front of Sonia's car and she took out her keys to unlock the doors.

However, just as she was reaching out to open the door on the driver's side, the sound of scattered, hurried footsteps approached before it was followed by a menacing growl, "Die, you wretched woman!"

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"What?" Sonia frowned and turned to see where the voice was coming from, but before she could get a proper look at the commotion, her body was suddenly pulled into a rough embrace.

Toby had his arms wound tightly around her as he spun her toward the other side before a second later, the sound of glass breaking came from the space where Sonia had been standing earlier. It was then followed by an intense sizzling that mimicked the low buzz of an electric current.

At that moment, he let out a low grunt.

Upon hearing the pain in his voice, she looked up at him. As she was alarmed by the large beads of cold sweat on his forehead and his pallor, she urged, "What is it? Are you okay?"

He released his grip on her without answering her and clamped his left hand over his right wrist by his side, which trembled slightly.

Her gaze fell on his right hand before her breath hitched as she stammered, “Y-Your hand—”

“My hand’s fine. What about you? Are you okay?” He looked up at her, his face pale as he appraised her anxiously and she could tell that the fear in his eyes were genuine.

She opened and closed her mouth, unable to describe her complicated emotions into words. Is he an idiot? His own hand is injured, but all he cares about is whether I’m okay!

Toby stiffened at her lack of response. “Are you hurt?”

Sonia shook her head. “No.”

He held his gaze on her for a few more beats; it was only after he was certain she was telling the truth that he let out a small sigh of relief. As he flashed her a feeble smile, he assured, “That’s good.”

“Good? What the hell are you talking about?” She bit on her lip as she glowered at him. “Look at your hand!”

“It’s nothing,” he insisted.

Sonia pointed at his hand as an incredulous, humorless laugh escaped her. “Oh, it’s nothing?”

There was an open wound the size of a date on the back of his right hand. The skin looked like it had been peeled off from the mess that was blood and flesh; and the edges of the wound were erratic and burnt black—the result of a harsh corrosion.

Sonia could easily whittle down the list of potential substances capable of such erosion to one thing—acid!

At the thought of this, Sonia turned her icy gaze to the spot where she had been standing earlier. It didn’t take long for her to put two and two together when she saw how the corrosive substance had spilled all over the driver’s side of the car. The acid had eaten

away at the paint on the car before dripping and pooling into a sizzling puddle on the tarmac.

As it turned out, the man who called her a wretched woman had flung a bottle of acid at her in an attempt to kill her on the spot. When Toby saw this, he instantly reacted by pulling her into his arms and shielding her from the acid. However, when the glass bottle landed on the car and shattered, a speck of acid could have splattered onto the back of his hand, hence the horrific burn that marked his skin.

In other words, had Toby not saved her in time, the bottle of acid would have spilled on her and its contents would have burned her alive.

If that happened, she could be lucky enough to survive, but her skin would have been disfigured beyond repair. She would then lock herself away forever to prevent anyone from seeing her in that state.

A surge of fear seized her as such thoughts flashed in her mind, but that was quickly replaced by an overwhelming rage.

She clenched her fists and her eyes rimmed red as she glared at the person who had hurled acid at her.

The culprit had been apprehended by the head of security. The perpetrator was an ordinary-looking man, and at the moment, there was a pair of gloves stuffed into his mouth to prevent him from speaking. Even so, the look on his face was menacing enough to make anyone's skin prickle in fright.

Sonia had no idea who he was, much less why he held such a wicked grudge against her. That didn't matter, though, because everything would come to light as soon as the police took over.

Meanwhile, the reporters not too far away had witnessed the entire incident as well as the audience watching the livestream. They were all mortified by the shocking turn of events.

They didn't think that someone would throw acid at Sonia. A dramatic event like this would only ever occur in soap operas, and yet here they were, bearing witness to it in reality. Before long,

they came to the collective consensus that they must spread this groundbreaking news as quickly as they could.

On the other side of the parking lot, Sonia paid no mind to the crowd of bustling reporters and returned to Toby's side. Her brows were knitted tightly together as she gazed at his hand, and the look in her eyes was one that rivaled a growing tempest.

"Give me your keys," she demanded hastily. "I have to drop you off at the hospital and I can't drive my car."

Toby met her gaze and answered, "The keys are in my left pocket."

She grew exasperated at his vague instructions, which were redundant and a waste of precious time, given how she was in a rush to get him to the doctor. "Do you mean the pocket of your pants or your coat?" she snapped.

He could tell that Sonia was frustrated. Since he did not dare to dawdle a fraction longer, he answered forthrightly, "Pants."

After having gotten the exact location of his keys, Sonia rubbed the divot between her brows and reached into the left pocket of his pants.

Toby stiffened at this. He didn't think she would actually reach for the keys herself. Seeing that his left hand was completely fine, he had assumed that she would allow him to get the keys out for her.

Presently, he was acutely aware that her hand was reaching deep into his pocket, and he could feel the softness and warmth of her paw through the thin fabric. His skin tickled where her fingers brushed over it. As a result, his thigh muscle twitched involuntarily and his gaze darkened.

Sonia felt this as well, and it was only after she met his dark, piercing gaze that she finally realized what she was doing.

Crap, I just shoved my hand into the pocket of his pants without thinking! She blushed all the way to the tips of her ears and she quickly grappled for the keys before withdrawing her hand. She looked the other way in embarrassment and averted his gaze. "Sorry, I didn't mean to do that."

She had been in such a hurry to grab the keys that she didn't know how bold she was until it was too late.

Toby, on the other hand, swallowed convulsively and responded hoarsely, "It's fine. Don't dwell on it."

Her eyelashes fluttered slightly at this and she hummed in response after a second.

That was how Toby knew she was still dwelling on it. He sighed a little and swiftly changed the subject. "Did you get the keys?"

"I did!" Grateful to move on from the embarrassing incident, Sonia opened up her palm to reveal the car keys with the Maybach logo embossed on it.

He nodded. "I leave the driving in your capable hands."

"Okay, but as for that man over there..." A freezing look passed over her delicate face as she glanced at the culprit, who was kneeling on the tarmac as the head of security held him in place.

There was an insidious gleam in Toby's eyes as he asked slowly, "Seeing as he came for you, what do you want to do with him?"

"Send him to the police station," Sonia replied coldly. "I want to know exactly who put him up to this!"

She had a feeling that Tina was the mastermind. The timeline made sense; the man had launched the acid attack soon after Tina's scathing livestream, which painted Tina as the most likely suspect.

It was obvious that Toby had the same thought as Sonia. He narrowed his eyes into dangerous slits and agreed, "Very well. I'll have my guards send him over to the station in a while."

Sonia hummed curtly in response. She pressed the key in her hand to unlock the car doors, and after the both of them entered the vehicle, she drove out of the parking lot without further delay.

Along the way, she called up Daphne and asked that Daphne make a copy of the security footage from the parking lot and have it delivered to the police station.

The security camera would have undoubtedly recorded the footage of the man hurling acid at Sonia and that was enough evidence to warrant his arrest.

After she hung up the call with Daphne, she dialed for the police and told them that she would be running late.

Given that she was only considered a person of interest and not an actual suspect in Tina's assault incident, the police were reasonable enough to allow the delay.

While this was happening, Toby sat in the passenger seat and kept his eyes on Sonia throughout. There was a look of admiration in his dark orbs as he watched her speak calmly with the police officers at the station and he had to admit that she had changed a lot since the days before their divorce.

She had grown into a polished and all-around capable woman.

As she sensed Toby's gaze on her, Sonia put down her phone and curiously glanced at him. "What are you looking at?"

"Nothing," he replied with an amused smile.

She couldn't help but feel that he was acting in a strange manner, but she did not press further. Since she had a car to maneuver, she fixed her eyes on the road once more without sparing her injured companion another thought.

A few minutes later, she parked the car at the side of the road and announced, "We're here. Let's get out of the car."

Toby unfastened his seatbelt with one hand and peered out the window. "This isn't the hospital."

"It's a clinic. The hospital is too far away and your hand is already trembling in pain, so I figured this is the best option we have," Sonia explained as a matter-of-factly.

He nodded and pushed the door open before he stepped out of the car.